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# DON JUAN.

Canto

THE

Seventeenth.

LONDON;

PUBLISHED (FOR THE PROPRIETORS) BY

THOMAS COOPER & CO., 81, FLEET STREET.

—  
1870.



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FIFTH THOUSAND.

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*Shapleigh fund*

LONDON:

W. HEAD, PRINTER, FARRINGTON STREET, E.C.

# DON JUAN.

Canto

THE

Seventeenth.

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I.

'Tis time that I begin this serious work,  
Which is to be the mirror of the time.  
I've treated of the Spaniard, Russian, Turk,  
Of men and manners in each various clime;  
But now I'm settled to my sober work,  
And having held the mirror thus to crime,  
I'll next proceed, in strict and earnest truth,  
To teach philosophy to England's youth.

## II.

'Tis stated in some quarters that my aim  
Is to disparage nature, and to show  
That God in his Creation was to blame,  
For having made us in His wisdom so.  
Now this is what I call a shameless shame—  
The fact I've neither hinted, said, or know;  
I leave such matters to the Church's head,  
Great George, God bless him! For he is well-bred.

## III.

At least, 'tis said so, and I do not care  
To quarrel with the "vox populi," tho'  
If all our little foibles were laid bare,  
They'd sometimes make a rather awkward show.  
'Tis quite as well to keep upon the "square"  
With those whose friendship is not worth a  
"throw;"  
But whose vindictiveness would be a pill,  
Not unlike Morison's, they cure or —

## IV.

There are some serious people who believe  
    Whate'er a Parson preaches must be truth ;  
And think whate'er he does, I'm loth and grieve  
    To say, is orthodox, and fit for youth.  
There are some people who won't rob, but thief,  
    And such are but too apt, I fear, in sooth !  
To quaff the cup of e'en their Maker's slaughter,  
    Provided 'tis not mixed with—" holy water."

## V.

I mean to make this Work a thing of time,  
    So that, when I have done, I may perceive  
Its full effects. And if I've dealt in crime,  
    For it I've dearly paid, and sorely grieve.  
But now I'll make atonement. From this time,  
    I'll all my foolish acts and thoughts retrieve ;  
In fact, whatever I shall herein mention,  
    Must claim my readers' most profound attention.

## VI.

And first, I had forgot—yes, Juan was—

Was where he ought to be, and where I wish  
I had been for the time. There are some laws

For which the lawyers often vainly fish,  
In order to obtain some “rule,” or cause,

Our matrimonial ecstasies to “dish.”

Now I do not pretend that Juan stood

Without their “cognizance,” but then his blood

## VII.

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VIII.

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IX.

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## X.

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## XI.

This is clear demonstration—proof on proof—

And if there will be sceptics, let them be!

From such I mean to keep apart—aloof—

I fear they'll have no very verdant tree  
Whereon to hang their laurels. Satan's hoof

Is not a more detested sight to me,  
Than those poor specimens of human nature  
Who lose their essence pure in the mere creature.

XII.

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XIII.

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## XIV.

Or both. For such will happen to fall out,  
Tho' oft our wishes in those matters fail ;  
And houses that are highly thought about,  
Are without heirs. At least, without heirs male.  
And 'tis not fit, tho' open to much doubt,  
The female line should e'er inherit "tail."  
Tho' if their tails were in more modest guise,  
They'd have more merit in our sober eyes.

## XV.

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## XVI.

'Tis strange that, in this very doubtful fiction,  
I never thought, or, if I thought, ne'er tried—  
Such is our nature's wayward contradiction—  
Of Juan's ladies what might have betide,  
Whether they were confined in base restriction,  
Or spread their fruitful branches far and wide.  
But this I do not mean again t' o'erlook,  
For now I'll mend my manners and my book.

## XVII.

And thus, yes, you, no doubt, are curious, very,  
To learn the upshot of this ghostly story;  
And having peeled the rind, you'd pick the berry.  
Well, though the Duke was gouty, curt, and hoary,  
He could, at least he thought so, bite a cherry.  
If you cannot approve, why then deplore ye.  
It was, no doubt, inflicted for his sins,  
Her Grace presented him with female twins.

## XVIII.

This in due course and time was brought about :

His Grace had been advis'd to try the sea-  
Side for awhile, and thus appease the gout ;

And so her Grace, as in her duty she  
Was bound, quite intuitively found out

That 'twas her business there with him to be,  
And, as philosophers have done before,  
To pick up stray pebbles on the sea-shore.

## XIX.

She also had sea-bathing. This I'd recommend,

As being most healthful, also purifying.

I've known occasions when a weakly friend

Or two were almost dead or almost dying ;

Though what's the difference I don't pretend

To say, and thus avoid mistakes and lying,

Two grave offences that I much abhor,

With wage incessant and unflinching war.

## XX.

Well, my two friends, as many others, tried  
What virtues lurk within the ocean's bed.  
I would not envy hoary Neptune's bride,  
When to his hymeneal altar led ;  
But things are sometimes done as well aside,  
As if we in our proper courses sped ;  
And those who've tried, and ever failed before,  
Should test their mettle on the bracing shore.

## XXI.

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## XXII.

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## XXIII.

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## XXIV.

Those two sweet babies were his heart's delight,  
He loved the Duchess to his latest breath ;  
He guarded them by day and watched at night ;  
A leaf or feather, e'en a passing breath,  
On them were not allowed to rudely light.  
He left them heirs to all his wealth at death ;  
The one was married to a bishop's son,  
The other, it was said, became a nun.

## XXV.

'Twas said, for 'twas not known for truth or fact—  
And I am very cautious in assertion—  
'Twas also hinted that some foolish act  
Or two had left her open to aspersion.  
I know not, but if she'd her mother's "tact,"  
It would not cost her thus her home's desertion ;  
I only know she went to visit Rome,  
And from that city never since came home.

## XXVI.

I've been to Rome, and somewhat like the place ;  
I cannot say so much for all I've seen there.  
One meets, no doubt, at times, a pretty face,  
And, when a sufficient time you have been there,  
You may, perhaps, just get into disgrace  
Or into favour with some lovely queen there ;  
I've met like favour and it's sad reverse,  
But this I will not here about rehearse.

## XXVII.

I'm thus particular, because I thought  
My readers would have wished to know the truth ;  
And so, I'm sure, they do, and so they ought,  
And I am willing to impart it, sooth !  
I would not have one tittle sold or bought,  
Not even to renew again my youth.  
This work's not meant for hoary-headed sinners,  
'Tis written more to caution young beginners.

## XXVIII.

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## XXIX.

And thus it happened in this case : the door  
Her Grace by accident had left ajar ;  
Though what is meant by this same phrase, is more  
Than I have learnt, though I have travell'd far.  
But such is knowledge ; all our search, when o'er,  
Leaves us but little with to load our car ;  
The chance is, that we meet some dyke or hill,  
And ere it reaches home we have a spill.

C



XXX.

The door which had been opened, left ajar—

It is not right thus to repeat the phrase—

But I'm with critics and with wits at war,

And so I'll write just as I choose, to please  
Myself. I'll also please my readers, or

I'll certainly the most of them well tease ;  
But whether pleased, or teased, or pained, they  
Will for this very learned Treatise pay.

XXXI.

At least I hope so ; for now, after all,

'Tis quite unreasonable that I should toil,  
And waste those gifts, that some would genius call,

Upon so very unproductive soil ;  
But as we've got it up, we'll keep the ball

Still going, nor the play thus spoil.  
What, is it for those dirty things called sovereigns,  
That man would barter all that man still governs ?

## XXXII.

What governs man ? 'Tis woman. She has got  
The true philosophy, the "mother wit;"  
She strikes the iron while 'tis glowing hot,  
And knows the proper mode of cooling it.  
But here, again, I had almost forgot,  
The door was left ajar ; now, shutting it  
Had been quite easy, and had saved some trouble,  
A reputation, too ; but that's a bubble.

## XXXIII.

So Shakespeare stated, and he's deem'd a judge.  
I will not question it; though if we reason  
Upon his dictum, who could stir or budge,  
Without being subject to, at least, high treason ?  
Well, I do not intend on foot to trudge,  
And for this very clear, sufficient reason,  
That I have got a Pegasus to ride,  
And so we'll travel very far and wide.

## XXXIV.

I've just now travelled with the greatest man  
That ever trod upon this down-trod earth.  
I doubt if since this whirling world began,  
His like has been conceived or given birth.  
He has done more within one year's short span—  
It takes some odd hours to complete its girth—  
Than I well know, or, if I knew, would mention,  
Lest it exceed my reader's comprehension.

## XXXV.

I also have some reasons of my own—  
They may be given in a late appendix ;  
But if I made them prematurely known,  
Would place me in a rather awkward fix.  
Meat that is tainted may not quite be blown,  
And if a little " Attic Salt " we mix,  
'Tis wonderful the relish it imparts  
To men's desires and women's hearts.

## XXXVI.

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## XXXVII.

There I left Juan and her Grace the Duchess,  
I also left her Grace's door ajar.  
But this she did not mind ; indeed, much less  
Need I, but that I think 'tis better far  
To make the matter straight ; I also guess  
That some of my fair, courteous readers are  
A little curious, just to know how many  
Were in the secret, then I say—not any.

## XXXVIII.

Not any but the pair who knew it all.

Perhaps 'twas just as well, for if we knew .  
How many of our fellow creatures fall,

We might not wish to be among the few.  
Now this would not be as it should at all,

And, therefore, 'tis as well when we've to do  
Some things that will not bear a strict inspection,  
To keep them for our own or friends' delection.

## XXXIX.

I am not sure if 'tis the proper word,

And have not Johnson at my elbow now,  
But I can, when occasion suits, afford

To make the critics to my dictum bow.  
There was a time when, if by chance they pored  
Upon this passage, how they would "bow-wow!"  
Well, time has made a change, a change for me,  
I'm now the very prince of poesy.

## XL.

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\* \* \* \* \*

## XLI.

My pegasus, or steed, or what we'll call

My "hobby horse," this is the proper name ;  
Well, princes too must sometimes bear a fall,  
And also very often bear the blame.

I, therefore, do not feel much hurt at all ;

We all must sometimes paddle in the same  
Canoe, 'tis only when the critics show  
That I am sunk in deep, o'erwhelming woe.

## XLII.

Woe for the critics, and woe be to them,  
When my sweet, honied pen they turn to gall :  
The torrent of my wrath they'll scarcely stem,  
Its volume will o'erthow, o'erwhelm them all.  
Ah, could they have perceived the priceless gem  
That they so trampled on—but let them fall !  
The good and evil, present, future, past,  
All, all must mingle in one tomb at last.

## XLIII.

The critics may be dead, and d——d for aught  
I know or care—they would be no great loss ;  
They never cost me the most feeble thought,  
I only threw on them away my dross,  
And they the trash they purchased dearly bought.  
My onward path again they'll scarcely cross,  
But if they do, my muse will take a flight,  
And leave them in the gloom of their own night—

## XLIV.

A night more darkly drear than polar waste,  
And wintry as the blasts that sweep it o'er,  
And hungry as the prowling, guilty beast  
That preys on that inhospitable shore.  
No wonder that they lick their tongues, the taste  
Of carrion's sweet, when famine's left no more.  
Gaunt famine stalks where'er the guilty tread,  
He sits enthronèd in each critic's head.

## XLV.

And hence, the prowling, unproductive brood  
Are ever wrangling o'er some fancied prey ;  
They cannot see ; for they can know no good,  
And watch, like dogs, the op'ning beams of day.  
Their leaden heads should have been made of wood,  
For lo ! nor sound, nor sense, the least have they ;  
They bark, 'tis true, but so does every cur,  
The Scotch would bite, but they can only bur.



## XLVI.

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## XLVII.

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## XLVIII.

They parted from that last, that fond embrace,  
She to her chamber and her cold disguise ;  
She took it gently from its resting-place,  
She never thought of any curious eyes  
Or feet, that might her midnight wand' rings trace.

I do not mean my readers to surprise,  
Nor any more this case to dwell upon,  
There was no cause of action for "*Crim. con.*"

## XLIX.

Juan arose in pensive mood and sad ;  
His face, tho' not quite pale, was dull and cold ;  
He was, if possible, more coldly clad,  
He wanted finish, if truth must be told.  
He looked at times almost desponding, had  
A careless negligence, or would be bold,  
That seemed to say, " Look through me if you can,  
I care not, you can see naught but a man."

## L.

Her Grace came down in radiant smiles, more sweet  
Than any morning since she had left town,  
And with a soft and winning grace did greet,  
That won to smiles each envious matron's frown.  
She shook hands with Lord Fitzplantagenet,  
And, as if all her other airs to crown,  
She looked on Juan with a sort of censure,  
As if he had foreclosed on her debenture.

## LI.

'Twas plain to all that Juan's case was bad.  
Lord Henry once politely asked the cause—  
If he the monk's nocturnal visit had.  
Juan referred to internecine laws,  
He hoped—he wished—in fact, he would be glad—  
His voice was lost in some such slight applause,  
As in polite society will rise  
At something silly that is said—or wise.

## LII.

'Twas Fitzplantagenet who had found out  
The key-note to poor Juan's melancholy—  
Her Grace's favour he had lost, no doubt,  
By some presumption, or some foolish folly.  
At this her Grace grew grave—began to pout,  
While Fitzplantagenet became more jolly ;  
And thus the circle round became quite merry,  
While Juan and her Grace were sober—very.

## LIII.

Adeline perceived there still lurked behind  
Some undefined cause for Juan's sadness ;  
She settled, in her rather sanguine mind,  
That it was his Aurora Raby madness.  
She could not be to facts so wholly blind,  
I cannot say she looked on it with gladness,  
But, since the date of their late conversation,  
He seemed quite given up to contemplation.

## LIV.

Aurora had not come to breakfast down,  
And sent her compliments, and said she'd rather  
Remain away, for she should go to town  
And see her dear—dear me! No, not her father—  
Her guardian. Now some prudish people frown,  
And hint it might be to consult her *padre*.  
I only say to such, I deal in truth,  
And will not stain Aurora Raby's youth.

## LV.

And so she went from that abode of sin ;  
Nor yet too soon—with it she had no part.  
She heard the whisper—that small voice within  
Spoke trumpet-tongued and true to her true heart.  
O Innocence ! Thou art not worth a pin  
If thou dost not at its first warning start.  
Fair Adeline was glad, she felt relief,  
E'en as that vulgar thing—the unchanged thief.

## LVI.

Now ere we part from fair Aurora Raby,  
And enter on our road of doubtful ending,  
It may be well, it strikes me that it may be  
Much better, if some good with evil blending,  
We should still keep her in our sight, a baby  
Tho' she be ; a child on earth descending,  
To teach us that our Innocence once lost,  
Is lost for ever. Who shall count the cost ?

## LVII.

My present theme is that fair child of light,  
Aurora Raby—she was meant for bliss.  
I know not if she came on earth at night,  
But this I know, she ne'er should enter this  
Sad earthly scene, had I my wishes quite.  
As 'twas, I think it was not all amiss,  
For in this book, whoever reads her story  
Will be no worse if they are not more holy.

## LVIII.

Aurora sought no counsel, for her heart  
Was purity enshrined, personified.  
She could not act a calm observer's part,  
And so from that unhallowed house she hied.  
Now, reader, do not swoon, nor jump, nor start,  
She never for one moment thought or tried ;  
She only felt she was not quite at ease,  
And so she left it, if my readers please.

## LIX.

She left it, and she went out on the world—  
A pitiless, relentless step-dame too—  
But that sweet child had in her bosom furl'd  
A foil to all that e'en its worst can do.  
'Twas Innocence, not from amongst us hurled,  
Tho' still, as from the first, so coy to woo ;  
But where she enters she is sure to dwell,  
Despite the world and all the fiends of hell.

## LX.

So let us fancy. If in after thought

We find some facts we cannot quite o'ercome,  
Who has obtained all they have wished or sought?

For me, I would be well content with some.

Man was not made without a flaw or fault ;

But woman, sound she is as any drum.

Those cavillers my temper sorely vex,

I love the very foibles of the sex.

## LXI.

And as for failings, I am sure they've none.

No—the dear creatures may be sometimes tried ;  
And, as perfection's not beneath the sun,

No wonder if they've fainted, railed, or cried.  
This, and much more, we oft ourselves have done.

'Tis useless grumbling, facts can't be denied,  
But some sagacious people "smell a rat"  
Where others would not mind a dirty cat.

D



## LXII.

Roll on dark Lethe ! E'en thy silent deep  
Must one day open up, receive the light ;  
And all the secrets that thou now do'st keep  
Will be emblazoned, and as sunshine bright.  
In vain the damned may howl, the ruined weep ;  
The wicked shun their blest companions' sight,  
There's but one course for all—Repent, Repent !  
This is the season too—it is Advent.

## LXIII.

I had some visions in my early youth  
That I would be a preacher, grave and grand ;  
I could have told my friends at least some truth,  
And kept the saintly people well in hand.  
The poor benighted folk I ne'er to took,  
I do not know much of that " outer land,"  
If I could not attain to be a legate,  
At least I'd had the place of Martyred Becket.

## LXIV.

I do not mind my terminations much,  
And yet I would advise all future writers  
Not take me for a Model Writer, such  
As they may follow. Some Wits and Fighters  
May conquer at a word, a blow, a touch,  
While others are base cowards or inditers.  
I trust this counsel is not thrown away  
On those who write or fight for their mere *pay*.

## LXV.

I do repent me that I ever tried,  
Don Juan's History and Life to write ;  
This wicked pegasus of mine to ride,  
I am disgusted with the whole thing quite.  
I'd almost fling it from me far and wide,  
But that the critics o'er my fall would fight ;  
Or the poor creatures would be sure to drown  
For want of something to amuse the town.

## LXVI.

But since 'tis written, better leave it so,  
Nor seek the sympathy of "would be saints ;"  
I'll take the consequences, "weal or woe,"  
I'd rather such than sin in Southey's plaints.  
I cannot come up to this "little go,"  
And so I'll none of those small bloodless feints,  
'Tis better to go in for something good,  
Tho' purchased with one's soul—not flesh and blood.

## LXVII.

O bloodless Southey ! Milk and water saint !  
The foreign mission should be your delight ;  
For you their soulless missions well can paint,  
As soulless as their soulless missions quite.  
You'd almost make a Turkish Pacha faint,  
If 'twere not for the darkness—utter night  
In which your Lucubrations all begin,  
And wrap whoever dares to venture in.

## LXVIII.

Aurora Raby, she was left alone—

To battle with the world—a fearful fight,  
But this we all must know, perhaps have known,  
Not all have come off to their liking quite.  
But she at least, as has been partly shown,  
Was not a whit afraid at such a sight.  
She met it with accustomed grace and good,  
It simply was her way, and so withstood

## LXIX.

That which o'erthrew a world—a host of thrones,  
And left us mortals in the devil's grip;  
If not for some of those blest saintly bones,  
He'd have us all steeped to the very lip  
In his accursed ways, but “cabalinus Fons,”  
Those who've the cup, not always of it sip;  
A foot more potent than his cloven hoof,  
Has made his majesty keep quite aloof

## LXX.

From fair Aurora, and I hope from me.

I'm not quite sure about all those who read,  
But I am positive it so should be,

And so I wish them all and each God speed.  
'Tis not my fault if they "don't bend the knee,"

I've always wished to be "a friend in need,"  
And so I call upon you all once more,  
Repent! or all my preaching I'll give o'er.

## LXXI.

But this I know, and this I'll therefore claim

For every son of Adam and of Eve,  
And ev'ry daughter, if I knew each name,

I'd blazon it in this my song, believe.  
Those who have sought the very depths of shame,

And those who would their fallen state retrieve,  
All, throned or beggared, prop'd on crutch or stilt,  
Are steeped in pride, in misery and guilt.

## LXXII.

Man's heart is wicked, and has ever been—  
Start not, fair reader ! 'Tis a homely truth ;  
This you will know, if not already seen,  
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his  
youth.  
Ere he or you have reached your early " teen "  
'Twill be but too transparent to you ; sooth !  
'Tis well, if from the lesson you are taught,  
You have not any bad example caught.

## LXXIII.

And woman, oh ! if I could only mould  
Each lovely creature just to suit my mind,  
They'd be a mine of goodness all untold,  
As most of them have been, or are, I find.  
I am their friend, their faults I won't unfold,  
Tho' to their failings I can't quite be blind ;  
They have too many of us men undone—  
I'll say no more, for I'm a woman's son.

## LXXIV.

A woman's son, and was an only child,  
A widowed mother and an only son ;  
Such sons are apt to be a little wild.  
Their education is scarce well begun,  
Ere their young hearts are more or less defiled,  
And they too oft to sad excesses run ;  
I know that ere I went to my first school  
I was no baby, nor yet quite a fool.

## LXXV.

My mother, the dear woman ! she was kind,  
Considerate, indulgent, far too much.  
To faults and failings she was always blind,  
Yet sometimes treated the reverse as such ;  
And so she nursed resentment in my mind,  
But this was soon appeased by kindness' touch.  
What brings us nearest to God's throne above ?  
'Tis woman filled with all a mother's love.

## LXXVI.

A mother's love ! Then let me here record  
The homage of a heart ungrateful still.  
O mother ! thou who did'st this life afford,  
And nourished with thy blood, this mouth did'st  
fill  
With milk—a mother's milk, all bounteous poured—  
Forgive me, for thou sure hast got the will ;  
I was ungrateful for thy tender care.  
But thou did'st for thyself thy burthen bear.

## LXXVII.

There is a beauty round that holy state  
Of hallowed matrimony, 'tis a shrine  
At which we bow, and heartfelt vows repeat,  
That oft are washed away in love or wine.  
A few survive those sunny hours of late,  
I wish it had been so, alas ! with mine ;  
But as the Fates bring all those things about,  
I deem that so 'twas fated to fall out.



## LXXVIII.

'Twas also fated, or seems to have been,  
That we must all so harp on that loved theme  
Which was, and is, and will be ever green,  
And in our fond memories holds first claim ;  
It is the pivot round which all is seen  
To whirl in our life's vortex—skims the cream  
Of it, as one may say. What is this elf?  
It is that interesting creature—self.

## LXXIX.

Away with it ! We'll have a nobler theme ;  
Man was created for far different ends.  
Who lives to herald forth his own bright fame,  
Will have sufficient foes—not many friends.  
A brother's sympathy if we would claim,  
A brother's sympathy most sweetly blends  
In taking all he can—not giving much.  
I've had some friends, but they were mostly such.

## LXXX.

Aurora, she was friendless ; a lone child,  
Cast on the waters of this fitful life.  
No mother o'er her infant cradle smiled,  
No father shielded her from its harsh strife.  
What wonder if she had been wayward—wild ?  
I wish she had been some good husband's wife.  
She was not ; the dear creature never wed.  
Good husbands ? Madam, they have long been dead.

## LXXXI.

Dead and forgotten—by their wives, I mean,  
Or but remembered to upbraid withal,  
Those who would but usurp their holy reign  
In that fair Eden into which we fall—  
Fall like the apple. But I won't complain.  
'Tis not those lovely creatures' faults at all ;  
If men are brutes, must not the truth be told ?  
Yes, dears ! and tell it them ; but pray don't scold.

## LXXXII.

She was not wayward, she was mild, sedate.

A sweet simplicity beamed in her face—

She loved the lowly, tho' mixed with the great,

Where'er she was it always was her place.

She was not hurried, and she was not late ;

And ev'rything she did was done with grace.

The fact is, she was head and heart and soul

The child of Innocence, and that's the whole.

## LXXXIII.

The whole of what? That which few mortals know,

Few care to know, of our mortality.

If from our childhood we could only grow—

Grow into flesh, and still from vice be free,

We'd still be sure to have a trait or so

That our kind neighbours could most plainly see,

Was not intended for our road to Heaven,

But rather meant to be of earthly leaven.

## LXXXIV.

Aurora was all sweetness and all grace,  
A child of Innocence, as has been shown,  
And she had got on earth no resting-place ;  
Indeed, there's none such that I yet have known.  
It is a sad, and yet a settled case,  
Whoever fancies that it is their own,  
Will find their resting-place a fancy still ;  
'Tis well if found no more substantial ill.

## LXXXV.

She was all Innocence. What more can I  
To her fair attributes herein impart ?  
Her soul's aspirings were all placed on high,  
And love's pure essence overflowed her heart.  
Love pure and hallowed. If her tears could dry  
The tears of others, they would quickly start ;  
But no, her sympathies were with the mind,  
She was so calm, and yet she was so kind.

## LXXXVI.

Where is Aurora? Where the clouds that sweep  
Before the face of morn, let in the day?  
Where are the tiny ants that noiseless creep,  
Ere the bright sunshine yet has passed away?  
Where do the notes of heavenly music sleep?  
Where do the zephyrs and the night winds play?  
Where are the beauties of earth, ocean, skies,  
When they have faded from our finite eyes?

## LXXXVII.

They have not perished. All that Nature wrought  
She still has treasured for her purpose true.  
E'en man's ideas have been "throned in thought,"  
That which lies buried issues forth anew.  
Yes, all creation seems with feeling fraught,  
And is, we feel it in our being too.  
Aurora vanished from this earthly scene;  
Such visitants are few and far between.

## LXXXVIII.

Juan and Adeline were not at war,  
Yet there was war between them, undeclared ;  
She could not well divine her feelings, nor  
Perhaps she would not if she could, she cared  
So little or so much about him, for  
His own sake she had only interfered.  
We all feel interested in a friend,  
And wish them do just as we recommend.

## LXXXIX.

And if they don't, we take it rather badly ;  
Juan had started at Aurora's message,  
And looked, if anything, a shade more sadly.  
This Adeline believed a serious presage.  
She would have softened it to him most gladly,  
But then she would, perhaps, appear less sage,  
There is no doubt it would have been as well.  
As 'twas, there was a feeling, I can't tell,

## XC.

Arose between them ; she was angry that  
Her good intentions had been worse than wasted ;  
And if my readers have e'er thrown some fat  
In the fire, they'll find their cook'ry ill tasted.  
Juan, however, still in silence sat,  
When Fitzplantagenet his wit had feasted ;  
The end was, that they each and all went out,  
To do whatever they most thought about.

## XCI.

Some thought of nothing, it is true, for they  
Had nothing to think of, and others found  
A good deal of their labours go that way ;  
While some were lost in their own thoughts  
profound.  
I have not learned to this present day,  
One fact that's worth my keeping above ground,  
Of all they thought, or said, or did, or didn't,  
I know not what they might have done and hidn't.

## XCII.

I had a rookery about my house,  
When I was "a fine English gentleman,"  
I had a trap there too that caught a mouse ;  
Upon a most improved and humane plan.  
I've had some creatures too, not quite a louse,  
But parasites that stick thus to a man.  
I have been told of a sure mode to quash  
These noisome incrustations, it's whitewash.

## XCIII.

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## XCIV.

The Lady Adeline was not at rest,  
The day's proceedings were not to her mind ;  
She sat up in her dressing-room undressed,  
Her long hair fell in waving folds behind.  
Such women are to my mind much the best,  
Tho' short-haired beauties have been more than  
kind.  
She sat there in a pensive mood and sad,  
I'm sure she thought of nothing good—or bad.

## XCV.

When we're absorbed in thought, pre-occupied,  
Our nerves are on the rack, we feel the strain ;  
Our sight and hearing are almost denied,  
The sense of touch will scarcely then remain.  
Tho' eels may dance until they're nearly fried,  
They can, when the occasion suits, remain  
As still and quiet as a cat or mouse,  
Or mistress watching in her master's house.

## XCVI.

Fair Adeline sat quiet, silent, still ;  
Her mind was not absorbed, it had been so.  
When we have got of anything our fill,  
We do not mind much how the rest will go.  
Each Jack will have his Jo', each Jo' her Gill ;  
One scarcely need put fire to burning tow.  
She had been thinking, but her thoughts were gone,  
She now was thoughtless as—a thoughtless one.

## XCVII.

But, hist ! she heard a step, a stealthy step,  
Pass swiftly o'er the pavement, pass her door.  
Her heart began to throb, almost to leap ;  
She thought of all the monk's achievements o'er,  
Of all she knew of them ; and then she crept  
As swift and softly to obtain some more.  
She pass'd out into the soft, clear moonlight,  
But I won't mention what there met her sight.

## XCVIII.

The next day dawned as that which dawned before,  
But not on human frailty so depraved.  
The Duchess did not come to breakfast more,  
And all were most polite and well-behaved.  
'Tis true that Adeline felt rather "sore,"  
One wrinkle on her brow was deep engraved;  
A flush, too, on her cheek was rather glowing,  
And tho' she tried, she could not help its showing.

## XCIX.

Lord Henry had despatches of grave moment,  
That would require his presence up in town—  
Some base conspiracy, about to foment,  
The English Constitution all would drown;  
At least his information, if true, so went.  
I wonder did it mean King George's crown?  
If so, I think he'd better stay'd at home,  
And mind his own head for some time to come.

## C.

This was the signal for a gen'ral scatter.

The guests were but too glad, for some were tired.  
The place had lost its quite accustomed clatter,

And some were not, much as they wished, admired.

'Tis pity that some people will not flatter,

While others cannot get half that's required  
I make it quite a rule, when I go out,  
To spread my flatt'ry ev'rywhere about.

## CI.

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## CII.

He would not do thus, but Lord Henry pressed,  
And said "he should, he seemed but poorly," then  
"He was," he said, his "own especial guest,"  
And must remain till he came back again.  
He made it too his very last "request"—  
We all are such infatuated men—  
That Adeline should be to him "a nurse;"  
I hope and wish that she was nothing worse.

## CIII.

I have been nursed, too, by a woman thus,  
The wife and sister of my most dear friends.  
O woman! what would have become of us,  
If thou did'st not for others make "amends?"  
Let priests and moralists still make a "fuss,"  
The good and evil ever sweetly blends.  
I would not purchase all the bliss above,  
With loss on earth of that dear woman's love.

## CIV.

The Duchess left without a parting scene ;  
To Adeline she sent a neat epistle,  
'Twas wrapped in pink, the outward seal was green,  
The emblem was a gem—a full blown thistle,  
Encircled with a scroll, I'm sure I've seen  
Naught like it since the time I learned to whistle,  
The motto " Catch and keep me if you can."  
The inside matter thus at random ran.

## CV.

" Dear Adeline ! 'Tis useless to disguise it,  
We, both of us, were foolish ; be it so,  
You have his love, and surely you will prize it ;  
For me, I'm wretched, and away I'll go.  
'Tis useless, which of us, or who denies it,  
The facts against us are as white as snow.  
Ah, had I on that holy monk's disguise,  
I'd see the matter with quite other eyes.

## CVI.

“ But you are fortunate, and so am I ;  
If any other had been in our place,  
I could this moment sit me down and cry.  
I cannot meet you now just face to face,  
But I here send you a most fond good-bye ;  
Remember, both of us are in disgrace,  
If this small matter should at all break bulk.  
Your fond, affectionate, most dear—Fitz-Fulke.”

## CVII.

Alas! deception! In thy female dress,  
What canst thou not accomplish? O'er the wise  
Thou art all potent in thy loveliness.  
Thou ne'er should'st have assumed that fair  
disguise,  
Then we would know thee more, or love thee less ;  
'Tis true, experience sometimes ope's our eyes.  
This Canto's got now to its proper bulk,  
It ends as it began—Ah, sad Fitz-Fulke!

THE END.







*Book 3/8/34*

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